

(14)

2

REFLECTIONS,

Moral, Comical, Satyrical, &c.

ON THE

VICES *and* FOLLIES of the AGE.

CONTAINING,

- I. An Epigram against the Fear of Death. From the *Greek*.
- II. A Satyr, occasion'd by a surprizing Number of Flies which fell in London and Westminster on the 19th of July 1707. In a Dialogue between *Formal* and *Freeman*.
- III. Upon the Perjury of Lovers. In Imitation of *Callimachus*, one of the *Greek* Poets.
- IV. Upon the Inconveniency that attends us in doating upon Wine and Women. In Imitation of the *Greek*, after the Manner of *Eratosthenes*.
- V. Upon the famous Mr. *H---nt*. A Satyr.
- VI. One's Own is always best.
- VII. His Mistress compar'd to the four Seasons of the Year.
- VIII. An Anacreontick, written extempore, full of *Bacchus*, and crown'd with Chaplets of Flowers, *A-la-mode de Greece*.
- IX. An Epigram of *Martial*, *English'd*.
- X. A Satyr against Tyranny.
- XI. On an old Beau.
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- XV. *Brandibella*; or, The Lover's Scarecrow.
- XVI. A serenading Song. In Imitation of *Horace*.
- XVII. On a Nobleman's Ague.
- XVIII. On a rich inviting Poet.
- XIX. Part of the 15th Satyr of *Juvenal* imitated; in which the Folly and Superstition of the *Aegyptians* is ridicul'd.
- XX. The Trinity. By Mr. *Hayward*.

P A R T the Second.

To be continu'd Occasionally. By several good Hands.

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Morse, George A.

Views and Follies of the AGE

ΟΧΛΙΑΤΗΟΣ

V. U. S. A. ...
V. O. S. A. ...
V. I. S. A. ...
V. E. S. A. ...

MA - H



REFLECTIONS,

Moral, Comical, Satyrical, &c.

An Epigram against the Fear of Death. From the Greek.

A Thousand Ills in Death's sad Pomp appears ;
 Enlarg'd from Life, we lose our idle Fears.
 Rest, her still Palace in the Grave does keep ;
 No Cares disturb our everlasting Sleep.
 Cocytus's Vales, with drowsy Poppies blest,
 And sacred Silence, charm the Dead to Rest.
 Mortals alive, their Pains and Sorrows know ;
 But all is Quiet, all is Ease below.

The Translator of this Epigram, had no other Design in making it *English*, than shewing the Beauty and Spirit which is contain'd in the Original. As to the *Sense* of the *Verses*, and the *reverend Opinion* of the *Author*, as he does not in the least adhere to them himself, he hopes they will be despis'd by others.

*A Satyr, occasion'd by a surprizing
Number of Flies which fell in Lon-
don and Westminster on the 19th
of July 1707.*

In a Dialogue between Formal and Freeman.

Formal. **B**less me ! says *Formal*, these are dismal Times,
The Godly suffer by the Nation's Crimes !
Loose are our Morals, and our Minds deprav'd,
That scarce, my Friends, a Remnant shall be sav'd.
Impending Judgments threaten sore the Land ;
Malignant Spirits, an Aerial Band, }
For Heav'n's last Orders with Impatience stand.
(a) Proud of the Task, they God's high Orders wait,
To spread Contagions, Ruin, Death, and Fate.
Slow to Revenge, and easy to forgive,
Relenting Mercy feign would have us live.
Myriads of Flies in wond'rous Squadrons sent,
The dying Insects warn us to repent.
Deaf as the Adder to enchanting Sounds, }
No tender Breast the Admonition wounds,
But slighted to its native Skies rebounds.

Freeman. How strangely mad are superstitious Minds,
Whom empty Fears in Magick Circles binds !
'Tis from our Crimes these dire Chymæra's spring.
Without we tremble, not sincere within.

(a) The Author supposes, that such of God's Commands as tend to the Destruction and Ruin of Mankind, are often executed by Aerial Spirits, or evil Angels, which are proud of the melancholy Office, the same agreeing with the Malignity of their Dispositions, and Cruelty of their Tempers.

The Works of Nature with Design we wrest ;
 She passive speaks what suits our Tempers best.
 Comets and Stars in purple Colours write
 Just as our Whims or Interest endite.

Form. Shall we ascribe these strange Events to *Chance* ?
 Systems prophane, and *Pagan* Schemes advance ?
 Or *Nature* worship, like the *Grecian* Schools ?
 And make her Mistress where th' Almighty rules ?
 By such Portents, his high Intention breaks.
 The Will Divine, sincere Contrition seeks,
 And the *first Cause* in second Causes speaks. }

Freem. If God, by Flie approaching, Judgments told,
 In plainer Terms he would his Mind unfold,
 And not supinely, careless of our Need,
 Send an Express no Mortal Eye can read.
 I must confess our mounting Crimes soar high,
 Fit for the Anger of the Deity.
 Our Civil Feuds portend unlucky Fate,
 Divide the Church, and wound th' unhealthy State :
 Yet when soft Friendship shall indulgent smile,
 A thousand Joys will bless this happy Isle :
 When each his private Faults inspects at home,
 Not carpes at others, but corrects his own.
 But since your Thoughts upon these Insects dwell,
 I'll Prophet turn, and distant Fate foretell ;
 I'll rip'ning Seeds of future Time disclose,
 And tell you more than *Cass* or *Partridge* knows.

The Prophecy.

Luxurious Priests, forbid by Laws Divine,
 Shall Lay-men cheat of Sacramental Wine,
 And half Salvation to themselves confine. }

Prelates successless shall their Audience teach,
 Religious Truths and Holy Maxims preach.
 If impious Crimes their reverend Function stain,
 The Elders Hands shall be impos'd in vain.
 In vain the Clergy shall their Learning boast ;
 Awe and Respect are still in Vices lost.
 Their furious Zeal for *High-Church*, or for *Low*,
 No humble Means, no moderate Paths shall know :
 Their idle Fears will shew us Ills from far,
 And with their Tongues begin a verbal War ;
 Will blow our rising Troubles to a Storm,
And burn the World, which they were sent to warm.

Indulgent *Anna*, to her Subjects kind,
 Did angry Realms in lasting Friendship bind.
 No Queen can rule Ecclesiastick Spite,
 No pitying Gods their pious Feuds unite.

The noisy Hall, where Heroes once were fed,
 Shall strip the Poor of their Diurnal Bread.
 Lawyers contending, shall their Audience cheat,
 Amazing Fools with mercenary Heat.
 The high-built Walls shall with their Quarrels found, }
 And Vocal Strife to Heav'n's high Arch rebound ; }
 But banter'd Clyents only feel the Wound.
 So glitt'ring Sheers, that fleece the Shepherd's Care,
 Seem to contend, and for a War prepare ;
 Threat'ning each other with a dreadful Mein,
 But only cut the Wooll that comes between.
 To get Estates, some shall their Conscience lose,
 And perjur'd Knights here God's high Name abuse.
 To this great Mart, promiscuously we run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone.
 For sep'rate Dowry here the Wanton tryes,
 Too proud and vain of her resistless Eyes ;

With

With charming Tears she shall her Case unfold,
And bring another Fee, besides her Gold,

Heroes in Red on the Parade shall meet,
Not with a fell Design the *French* to beat,
But to consult where they may safely eat;
What trusting Mortal sells the richest Wine,
Where, free from Duns, they may securely dine.
C——ls shall sell their own Commissions dear,
The censuring World purchase may think, for Fear,
Yet each shall hope to be a Brigadier:
A just Reward for his unweary'd Care
In waiting on the Court divinely Fair
To *Windsor*, *Paul's*, to Play-house, and to Pray'r.
Our R—— Horse shall *Civick* Honours gain;
At *Bath* or *Tunbridge* make a bold Campaign,
And only in the Map see *France* or *Spain*.
Agents, by Fraud, shall mount to Wealth and Pow'r,
And act Things worthy *Ne——te* and the *T——r*.
If such *Ætherial* Seats above obtain,
Hell's burning Rivers ebb and flow in vain:
By Fire not purg'd, nor Water-wash'd away,
Their purple Crimes admit of no Decay,
Who rob the Soldiers of their dear-bought Pay.

Teeming *Augusta* shall with Horror view
Her factious Sons their ancient Feuds renew;
Shall turn her Eye-balls with a sad Affright,
From Civil Wounds, unlovely to the Sight,
And curse the Rage of our detested Times,
Fertile in Vice, and big with unknown Crimes.

Some pitying God avert this dire Presage,
In Federal Bonds our willing Minds engage.

May no Contention in these Realms be seen,
But how to serve bright *Albion's* fairer Queen.

The *Macedonian* Youth, with Glory fir'd,
More Realms to conquer, and new Worlds desir'd,
Her juster Cause may smiling Fortune bless,
Enlarge her Pow'r, as her Ambition's less.

Upon the Perjury of Lovers. In Imitation of Callimachus, one of the Greek Poets.

CHarming *Briseis* has her self forswore,
Yet looks as lovely as she did before:
The Rosy Blushes which her Forehead grace,
Her Guilt discover, but improve her Face.
The indulgent Gods are to her Beauties kind,
Deaf to my Pray'rs, and to her Falsehoods blind:
For Vengeance ripe, yet still she Favour wins,
Happy in Crimes, grows fairer as she sins.

Upon the Inconveniency that attends us in doating upon Wine and Women. In Imitation of the Greek, after the Manner of Eratosthenes.

WH O meanly yields to those inglorious Fires,
The *Cyprian* Goddess, or her Son inspires;
Feels

Feels Flames as cruel, and as fierce a Storm,
 As that in which the (a) *God of Wine* was born:
 Fond of the Grape, who *Cadmean* Rites obeys,
 And browsing Kids to *Liber's* Altar prays,
 He sinks his Fortune, Happiness, and Fame,
 In Seas as deep as whence the (b) Goddess came.
 But if frail Youth in both their Interest fights,
 If Wine employs the Day, and Love the Nights,
 Severest Fate sure on this Mortal frown'd,
 By *Venus* burn'd, by purple *Bacchus* drown'd:
 Wretched and short must be his anxious Life,
 When (c) Gods assist the fatal Sisters Knife.

(a) The Poetical Fiction concerning the Birth of *Bacchus*, is, that his Mother *Semele* being kill'd by *Jupiter* in his fiery Embraces, having oblig'd him to entertain her as he did *Juno*, *Bacchus* was ripp'd by *Jove* out of his Mother's Womb. *Liber* is another Name for *Bacchus*. Why Goats were sacrific'd to that God, look upon the first *Greek* Epigram in the Collection made for the Schools.

(b) *Venus* sprang from the Sea.

(c) That is to say, when a God and Goddess, viz. *Bacchus* and *Venus*, join with the three fatal Sisters, *Clotho*, *Lachysis*, and *Atropos*, who cut the Thread of Human Life.

Upon the famous Mr. H----ns. *A Satyr.*

FROM hazy Climes, and moist (a) *Ierne's* Shores,
 Where (b) hired Breath the Orphan's Loss deplores,
 Will rise a Priest, who with divided Care,
 Shall guard the Church's Rites, and please the Fair:

(a) *Ireland* is call'd *Ierne* in several Authors, particularly in *Buchanan*.

(b) A Custom in *Ireland*, to hire Persons to lament the Dead: The same Practice was us'd in *Greece*, and is of greater Antiquity; and less barbarous, than some Persons imagine.

Prompt

Prompt to instruct his Flock a double Way,
 To teach 'em how to Sin, and how to Pray :
 But yet his Zeal the labouring Church defends ;
 (c) *Toland* and *Asgill* to his Reason bends.
 Contending Factions from his Conduct run ;
 They fly the Rays of his unequal Sun.
 Thus *Jove* all Day secures the World from Harms,
 Yet sleeps at Night in some soft Mortal's Arms.
 This Power, the Fair first *Non-resistance* taught,
 And passive Nymphs to just Obedience brought.
 From hence these Notions took their modern Rise,
 Which Rev'rend *H——s* does devoutly prize ;
 She merits Heav'n, who with the Priest complys. }
 Thus Rosy Monk, of vig'rous Youth possess'd,
 With plenteous Ease, and rev'rend Quiet bless'd,
 His Vows forgetting, and devoted Fame,
 Gives Absolution, then pollutes the *Dame*.
 But if these Doctrines are exactly true,
 And *Non-resistance* is to *Princes* due ;
 If Pow'rs Above most sure Rewards bestow,
 For *blind Obedience* to our Kings Below ;
 Then pious *C——d* acted well her Part,
 Perform'd her Duty, and oblig'd her Heart ;
 Her *Non-resistance* lasting Joys must gain,
 And save her self, as well as *Castle——n*.

(c) Mr. *Toland* and Mr. *Asgill* have been notoriously insulted by the Person on whom this Satyr touches. See his Sermon preach'd at *St. James's*.

One's Own is always best.

TO see me dress'd so plain, your self so fine,
 You laugh : Laugh on ; my Coat is coarse, but *mine*.
His

*His Mistress compar'd to the four
Seasons of the Year.*

HOW am I ravish'd at the glorious Sight !
A splendid Nymph attired all in White !
'Tis *Winter*, sure, think I; nay, must be so,
Chill Fear approaches, and I see the Snow
Upon her Brow : But as I farther seek,
'Tis *Summer* by the Roses in her Cheek ;
Nor can those Flames, which in my Breast begun,
Rise from the Influence of a Winter's Sun :
But since such blooming Years no Frost can nip,
'Tis *Autumn* by the Cherries in her Lip.
Yet as my ravish'd Eye I downward cast,
I soon recant the Verdict I had past ;
Her Breasts two Alabaster Hills appear ;
But for the Azure resembling there,
Two Beds of Violets, in every Thing
The fittest Emblem of the verdent *Spring*.
In fine, my former Thoughts I thus recal ;
She's none of these, but th' *Quintessence* of all.

*An Anacreontick, written Extempore,
full of Bacchus, and crown'd with
Chaplets of Flowers, A-la-mode
de Greece.*

ROUND your Brows let Roses shine,
Crown the Glass with sprightly Wine :

Banish

Banish Business, banish Care,
 Wine's our Business, and the Fair.
 Love and Wine's our only Treasure,
 Riches are a fordid Pleasure.
 Here we meet with Roses crown'd,
 Here alone true Pleasure's found:
 Here inspir'd by Love and Wine,
 W' emulate *Rome*, and *Greece* divine.
 Let Coxcombs please themselves with Fancies,
 That our Pleasures are Romances.
 Like the *Teian* Bard we drink,
 Like the *Teian* Bard we think.
 Crown'd with Roses, we despise
 All the Fools that wou'd be wise.
 Framing Torments, without Reason,
 Politick Whimsies, formal Treason,
 That loud Blockheads still amuse;
 Give us Wine, give us the Muse;
 Let senseless Noise the Fool deceive,
 For while we drink and love, we live.

An Egipram of Martial, English'd.

A Riddle 'tis, as you are pleas'd to think,
 To see our *Heroes* rise, and *Poets* sink:
 With Counter-Notion, *Buckets* of Renown,
 The more those mount, the lower these go down.
 No Riddle, Sir, y' are under a Mistake,
 'Tis *Dorsetts*, Sir, not *Heroes*, that we lack;
 Find us more *Dorsetts* —, we can *Heroes* make.

A Satyr against Tyranny.

Spoken by the Ghost of Tullus Hostilius, third King of the Romans, to Lucius Junius Brutus, in order to persuade him to the Expulsion of the Tarquins.

NO Magick Charms, no dire enchanted Blood
 Can raise *Hostilius* from the *Stygian Flood* ;
 But deep Concern for Thee, Imperial *Rome*,
 Opens (a) *Hell's Gates*, and breaks our sacred *Tombe*.
 Too long the *Tarquins*, with a guilty Sway,
 Have forc'd the free-born *Romans* to obey :
 By Fraud or Force debauch'd their native Truth,
 And free'd the lab'ring World from *Latian Youth*.
 But happier Times succeeding Hours shall bring,
 And soon the Tyrant shall depose the King ;
 And vig'rous Health shall to the State return,
 When bounded Pow'rs in equal Channels run.
 The *Grecian* (b) Race in Blood shall quickly tread,
 Great *Pluto's* Realms and Mansions of the Dead :
 Honour nor Fame shall their last Hours attend ;
 No pitying Gods shall the sad Sisters bend,
 And only Crimes shall with their Ghosts descend.
 Thou too must die, slain by a Hostile Spear.
 So Heav'n permits : But let no slavish Fear
 Amuze your Soul, of how, or when, or where.
 Three dreadful (c) Judges *Hell's* wide Realms protect,
 Who view all Actions past with just Respect ;

(a) *Hell*, according to the Notion of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, was a Place of Pleasure and Pain, and signify'd a Heaven for the Good, as well as a Place of Punishment for the Bad.

(b) The Author calls the *Tarquins* *Grecians*, because the Family of the *Tarquins* came from *Tarentum*, a Colony of the *Greeks*.

(c) *Æacus*, *Minos*, and *Radamanthus*, were suppos'd to be Judges of *Hell*, and respected the Actions of all the Deceas'd, according to the Rules of Justice and Honesty.

But look with gentle and indulgent Eyes
 On him who nobly for his Country dies.
 To happy Groves, such sacred Shades retire,
 (Absolv'd from Crimes, altho' not purg'd by (d) Fire,)
 Where (e) Great *Quirinus* slaughter'd Heroes leads,
 To (f) *Phyrrick* Numbers in *Elizian* Meads;
 Death at a Distance dreadful does appear,
 And cheats the Pious with a needless Fear.
 Thus on our noblest Palaces, —————
 Monsters without, and dire *Chymæra's* grin,
 But all is lovely, all is gay within.
 This fiery Path the (g) Great *Aleides* trod,
 Lay'd himself down a Man, arose a God;
 With Rays as bright, your honour'd Ghost shall shine,
 Nor (h) *Numa's* Shade be more august than thine.
 The crowing (i) Cocks have summon'd me away,
 And setting Stars foretel the rising Day.
 I'm gone, but learn this sacred Truth: —————
 Tyrants, like Gods, above the Vulgar swell,
 Altars expect, and would in Temples dwell;
 But dead, like Mortals, crowd the Banks of Hell.

(d) It was the Opinion of the Ancients, that the Souls of the Departed, were purg'd sometimes by Fire and Water. See *Virgil's* Description of Hell, and the *Elizian* Shades.

(e) *Quirinus* was the Name by which they worshipp'd *Romulus* after he was reputed to be chang'd into a God.

(f) *Phyrrhus* was the Son of *Achilles*, and first found out a Martial Sort of Dance, which was perform'd in Armour, and took its Name from the Inventor.

(g) *Aleides* or *Hercules* lay'd himself down upon a Pile of Wood, and was burnt thereon, being first poyson'd by an invenom'd Shirt. From that Pile, *Jupiter* translated him to Heaven.

(h) *Numa* was the second King of the *Romans*, and infinitely belov'd for his Piety and Respect for the Gods.

(i) These are superstitious Opinions of the Ancients.

An old Beau.

TURN'd of Threescore, for that, Sir, is your Case,
 Witness your Baboon's Beard, and Lanthorn Face;
 Yet ev'ry Morn you hurry up and down,
 And run to all the Levees of the Town;
 Nor fail, besides your Visits outward-bound,
 To take *St. James's* ten times in your Round.
 With Generals and Ministers of State;
 Of Trade, of News, and Politicks you prate;
 Thinking to please them, while your self you banter:
 Old Fool, 'tis for young idle Beaus to saunter:
 Turn'd of Threescore, and turn a Levee Hunter!

An Epigram on the Union.

GREAT ANN renews the old *Saturnian* Reign,
 And turns the World to its first State again.
 What charming Calm spreads o'er the *British* Earth!
 By her now free'd from Frights, from Sword, from Death.
 Through barren Climes, where scarce the Sun is known,
 The glad Inhabitants her Influence own:
 As often as they see the chearful Day,
 They bless that Queen, whom Sea and Land obey.

The Antiplatonick's Resolution.

LET dull Platonick Sots court aery Treasures,
 And waste their Time in fruitless, fancy'd Pleasures,
 F 2 As

As fleeting as their Loves, or what's all one,
 Embrace a Statue, hug a Skeleton;
 While I carefs in full Delights, and prove
 The Quintessence of Pleasure that's in Love.
 The active Vigour in my sprightly Veins,
 Shall parallel the Lute's melodious Strains;
 While Rose-buds crown my Head, I'll rival those
 Inferior Sweets we find in ev'ry Rose.
 Love's then compleat, Love's only then Divine,
 When Souls with Souls, Bodies with both combine.
 Solid-Enjoyment is the Height of Bliss;
 'Tis happy Life, Love, Rapture, Extasies!

The Platonick's Answer.

AERY Pleasures are opprobrious Names; (came.
 Our Loves will last, like Souls, from whence they
 Your grosser Heats, when once divorc'd, decay;
 We, like the Sun, warm with a distant Ray.
 Your Lillies quickly flag, and when they close
 Their fading Leaves, our Winters yield a Rose.
 When Death's cold Hand your Raptures shall remove,
 And a late Sigh puff out the Flame of Love;
 When Fate once stops the Sluce, your chiefeft good
 Ebbs with the Current of your cooler Blood:
 Then! then where's all your Sweets, your Joys, your
 Your softer Dalliance, and your balmy Kisses! (Blisses!
 That subtil Serpent, which at first does wind
 In amorous Curls, at last you'll only find
 To leave a Sting, a sad Remorse behind.

Brandibella;

Brandibella ; or, *The Lover's Scare-crow.*

NO Muse will I invoke, t' inspire my Verse,
 While I the Lumber of the Sex rehearse ;
 Let nobler Subjects seek the sacred Nine,
 For Indignation will suffice for mine.
 On such a Bulk of Selfishness and Spite,
 'Tis difficult a Satyr not to write :
 For who with Patience can behold, confin'd
 To her Dispose, such Charms of Face and Mind ?
 See *Sylvia's* Heart, the dear Reward of Love,
 To her Designs a fatal Victim prove ;
 Yet silent sit at the profane Decree,
 And curs'd Invasion of Love's Liberty !

In Street of *Ald——te*, there is a Place,
 A Spot profane, a dark Infernal Space,
 Betwixt the changeful *M——n* and burning *S——n*,
 By smould'ring Fumes of vast Alimbecks, known ;
 Where Spirits of Mault, by *Stygian* Arts disguis'd,
 Pass off for Brandy, and for such are priz'd ;
 Where Juniper and T——d, distill'd, lay claim
 To great *Geneva's* bright and pop'lar Fame ;
 Where Cardimum, All-fours, and Liquors rare,
 For Fools and Sots, the footy Fiends prepare.
 'Midst baneful Juices here of ev'ry Sort,
 The bulky Hag keeps her malicious Court.
Spite, Envy, Calumny, obey her Call ;
 All Mankind hating, she's abhor'd by all.
 On Vats of Cherry-bounce, enthron'd she lies,
 Where her large Bulk the roomy Space supplies,
 And fills, with awkward Clumfiness, our Eyes.
 All Things in her with *Nature* disagree,
 And Contradiction's reconcil'd we see ;

For

For meagre *Envy* and pale *Spite*, that use
 Leannels to all their Vot'ries to diffuse;
 In her a contrary Effect produce:

For, as fell *Malice* is her chief Delight,
 She thrives on *Envy*, and grows fat with *Spite*.
 Tho' some for this a diff'rent Cause assign,
 And swear 'tis the Remains and Dregs of Wine;
 When greedy of the Liquor, and the Gain,
 T' enhance the Reck'ning, she would quaff amain.
 In her first Husband's Days, from Bar elop'd,
 With all her Guests most prudently she top'd.

But be this as it will, thus here enthron'd,
 Through the whole House her dismal Empire's own'd.
 Each Slave to her a certain Homage pays,
 And all obey her, tho' in diff'rent Ways:
 Husband and Niece, a beauteous *Chloe*, all
 Confess their Chains, and own th' ignoble Thrall.
 Tho' *Heberindus*, spite of Age and Size,
 And all her damn'd forbidding Qualities,
 In a fantastick Mood was seiz'd with Dread,
 That she with Horns did plant his rev'rend Head,
 Staining with foul Adultery, his Bed.

This was the Day-dream of a sickly Mind;
 In her he was secure against Mankind:
 Nothing of Human Form could sink so far,
 To be in Love, or seek for Joy from her.
 The Dev'l alone could e'er his Rival prove,
 Or win her wayward Mind to alien Love.

Conscious of wanted Charms, at Man she rails;
 Her Spleen 'gainst Youth and Merit never fails.
 At Love and Mankind she whole Days declaims,
 And thus her Husband's Jealousy she tames;
 And with her subtil Arts, a Way does find
 To bind in Fetters his reluctant Mind.

Under

Under this fell *Hesperian* Dragon's Care,
 Two Nymphs are kept, who equal Merit share,
 Sweet *Chloe* and bright *Sylvia*, young and fair.
Sylvia by Blood, but by no Vice ally'd,
 Niece to the Hag, by her is yet deny'd
 The Joys of Love, and Pleasures of a Bride.
 Lovers of ev'ry Sort the Hag admits,
 And ev'ry one is Favourite by Fits.
 Advanc'd to Hopes to clasp the yielding Fair,
 Then headlong hurl'd into profound Despair;
 As if she, like the Dev'l, alone could find
 A Pleasure in the Torments of Mankind.

Here various Lovers I might now rehearse,
 And with the Muster-Roll, enlarge my Verse;
 But all give way to th' fierce Son of *Mars*,
 In scarlet Coat, and Dudgeon at his A——.
 Pard'n me, I mean no Hero of the Field,
 That with his Valour made whole Squadrons yield:
 His Prowess in dead-doing Deed's not found;
 But tho' he gives none, he can cure a Wound.

'Tis true, his Boasts are formidably loud,
 He bullies boldly in an unarm'd Crowd;
 And yet I think that I may give my Word,
 His Lancet is more terrible than his Sword.
 But that which makes his hated Suit prevail,
 And which with fordid Minds does never fail,
 Is, of a small Estate a mighty Fame:
 This, with his Want of Merit, fix'd his Claim.

Oh! *Sylvia*! tho' I pity thy Distress,
 Yet in this Husband sure the Ill is less
 Than in the odious Name of an old Maid;
 To which, if *Lancet* fail, thou art betray'd;
 For never can thy Aunt another find,
 To hit her Taste, and please her wayward Mind.

*A serenading Song. In Imitation of
Horace.*

I.
TH E Silver Stars serenely shine,
And make a paler Day;
Aglaura's Beauty as Divine,
Does equal Light display.

II.
But from their gentle Influence,
Some meet on easy Fate;
Your Frowns alike on all dispence
A sure impartial Hate.

III.
Courage and Sense, no Hope or Ease,
The Brave and Wise afford;
And Love, that form'd you so to please,
Finds you a Rebel to its Lord.

IV.
Both Youth and Age find equal Harms,
And jointly are undone;
These suffer by your Beauty's Charms,
Those by your flattering Tongue.

V.
But now so lovely, and so blest,
Think of those Hours of Pain,
When no gilt Coach disturbs your Rest,
Nor Doors the Flambeaux stain.

On a Nobleman's Ague.

YOU swear by Heav'n some Witch has done you }
Enchanted either by her Eyes or Tongue, (Wrong, }
Because your Tertian-Ague stays so long. }
Why,

Why, pray consider how you treat the Elf,
 And nurse the Vipour as your second Self!
 With you it rowls, to drink the spicy Air,
 In Coach and Six, and groans in Elbow-Chair.
 The curs'd Disease quaffs of the richest Wine,
 And dress'd in Silks, luxuriously does shine.
Arabian Odours fill the balmy Air,
 And feather'd Swans your downy Bed prepare.
 Magnificently treated at your Cost,
 D'ye think he'll change thus an indulgent Host?

On a rich inviting Poet.

YOur Guests cry, — Elegant and neat;
 True, nothing e'er was more compleat.
 What, Sir? Your Verses? No; your Treat.

*Part of the 15th Satyr of Juvenal
 imitated; in which the Folly and
 Superstition of the Ægyptians is
 ridicul'd.*

WHere charming Airs from senseless Stones rebound,
 And magick Notes in Marble *Memnon* found; (a)
 Where ancient *Thebes*, scarce by her Ruins known,
 Once flourish'd, now by angry Gods o'erthrown;

(a) Near *Thebes*, in *Ægypt*, was, in the Time of *Juvenal*, a Statue of *Memnon*, the Son of *Aurora*, which was reported to emit agreeable Airs, when shin'd upon by the Sun.

For Plenty fam'd, for Superstition more,
 Wild *Ægypt* does a thousand Gods adore;
 Beasts, Plants, and Flowers, of ev'ry Sort and Size,
 That Fools can dread, or impious Priests devise.
 One to a Cat does most devoutly kneel,
 Or from a Monkey Inspiration feel:
 Some to a Fish, with blind Devotion, bow;
 These fear a Bird, and those revere a Cow.
 Three Elements their Deities contain;
 The (b) *Persian* God here only shines in vain.
 Too happy Realms! for whose Religious Use,
 The swelling *Nile* does Herbal Gods produce;
 And with its Slime, does, each returning Year,
 The sickly Deities fresh Honours bear.
 Here frantick Realms, inspir'd by (c) *Samian* Zeal,
 Believe it Sin to taste of Kid or Veal.
 Late, as in Pray'r, these rev'rend Gods were fought;
 Their Mob fell out, and most devoutly fought;
 One Faction beat, the other hot, pursues,
 Rush-fiercer on, and the dire War renews.
 What Captives fall within the Conqueror's Pow'r,
 Thanking their Gods, they piquely devour.
 Detested Blood the Priest in Goblets takes,
 And human Flesh a hated Banquet makes.
 Hence rose the Fray, 'cause Pufs was disesteem'd,
 Their Onions slighted, and their Ape blasphem'd.
 At (d) dreadful *Scylla*, and the *Cyclops* Den,
Ulysses sigh'd, and mourn'd his slaughter'd Men:

(b) The *Sun*.

(c) *Samos* was a Place where *Pythagoras* was either born, or taught his Philosophy.

(d) At a Feast made by *Aleinous*, King of *Corcyra*, to *Ulysses*, he acquainted the Company with the Adventures of his Life: But had he told so unlikely a Story, as that of the *Egyptians* devouring one another, 'tis suppos'd the Guests would have wish'd the King of *Ithaca* drown'd in the Straights of *Scylla* and *Charibdis*.

But to *Alcinous* had the Hero told
 A Tale so odd, extravagant, and bold,
 The unlikely Fact had little Credit found,
 And some perchance, as the full Bowls went round,
 Had wish'd the Author near *Charibdis* drown'd.

The Trinity. By Mr. Hayward.

SURELY the Man that scribl'd to disown
 The sacred Mystery of Three in One,

*That individual Persons cannot be,
 At once both Three in One, and One in Three;
 That this World never had been fram'd or rul'd,
 If this enjoin'd what t'other disannull'd;
 'Cause various Wills must jar in their Decree,
 And envy each the other's Deity;*

Wanted as much Divinity as Grace,
 To solve the easy Scruple he could raise!

Such Thoughts ev'n Mercy hardly can forgive,
 To doubt those Truths we only should believe;
 At once himself, and others to deceive.

The next Dispute, his Talent will be shown,
 Not only, whether there be Three, but One.

How can this Trinal Power disagree,
 Unless Confusion comes of Harmony;
 Since the same End of Government is shown?
 Altho' they're Persons Three, their Will's but One.

How can Perfection any Rival know?
 Or Rival be to what is only so?

'Twere a Dishonour to their Deity,
 To state their Essence, or their Majesty;

Each

Each mighty Secret of Divinity
 Proclaims its Author in its Mystery :
 But to convince his blasphemous Mistake,
 I'll prove the God-Head for the Sinner's Sake.
 We feel its Influence, that know it least,
 Which by not comprehending, is confest.

So a portentous Comet in the Air,
 We ken with dreadful Wonder from afar.
 This will evince, that there Three Persons be,
 Because their proper Offices are Three.

The beauteous Order of each Element,
 Proves God the Father is Omnipotent ;
 And he that Something out of Nothing rais'd,
 At best can but unworthily be prais'd.
 When Satan conquer'd our indulgent Eve,
 The Second Person, Christ, did us relieve ;
 Not only restor'd us to Liberty,
 But made us Heirs of Immortality.

Then by the Third, the Conduct of the Spirit,
 We Sin avoid, and lasting Bliss inherit.
 Thus they, distinct in Operation,
 Appear as Three, and yet agree in One :
 And tho' each God, is God himself, and true,
 They are but One in Power, and Essence too.
 To prove this Truth by farther Argument,
 Were to dispute what is self-evident.

F I N I S.

22 1763
 Advertisement.

ALL Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, who are pleas'd to contribute any original Copies of *Verses*, as *Satyr*s, *Songs*, *Epigrams*, &c. to this Undertaking, are desir'd to direct them to Mr. B.F.D. to be left at Hill's Coffee-house, next Apothecary's-Hall in Blackfriars, London, and they shall be inserted.

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